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AUTHORITY
DOOM
ALAS, POOR DOOM...
...I SLEW HIM WELL!
DIRECT EDITION

BABYLON TOWERS, NEW YORK CITY.
YOU'VE REACHED BABYLON 3735. MIGUEL O'HARA CANNOT TAKE YOUR CALL AT THE MOMENT.
PLEASE LEAVE A MESSAGE AFTER THE TONE. :BEEP:
MIG, IT'S DANA. SEEMS LIKE YOU'RE NEVER HOME THESE DAYS.
Y'KNOW, LATELY I'M HAVING MORE OF A RELATIONSHIP WITH LYZA THAN WITH YOU.
I'M BEGINNING TO THINK YOU'RE LEADING ANOTHER LIFE.
SO HOW ABOUT PROVING ME WRONG BY DOING SOMETHING RECKLESS AND IMPULSIVE--
--LIKE SPENDING AN EVENING WITH ME.
TAMARA GAVE ME HER TICKETS TO TONIGHT'S ARMAGEDDON CHOIR HYPERMEDIA--
SKEEEE
...NO LOCK DENIES ME...
...NO DOOR BARS MY WAY...
...ALL ROADS RISE WITH ME...
SKEEEZCHH
WHAT THE SMOCK WAS THAT?
NEVER MIND. JUST CALL ME.
MAN, I HATE ANSWERING MACHINES.
BY OVERRIDING THIS PROGRAM'S NETWORK FUNCTIONS--

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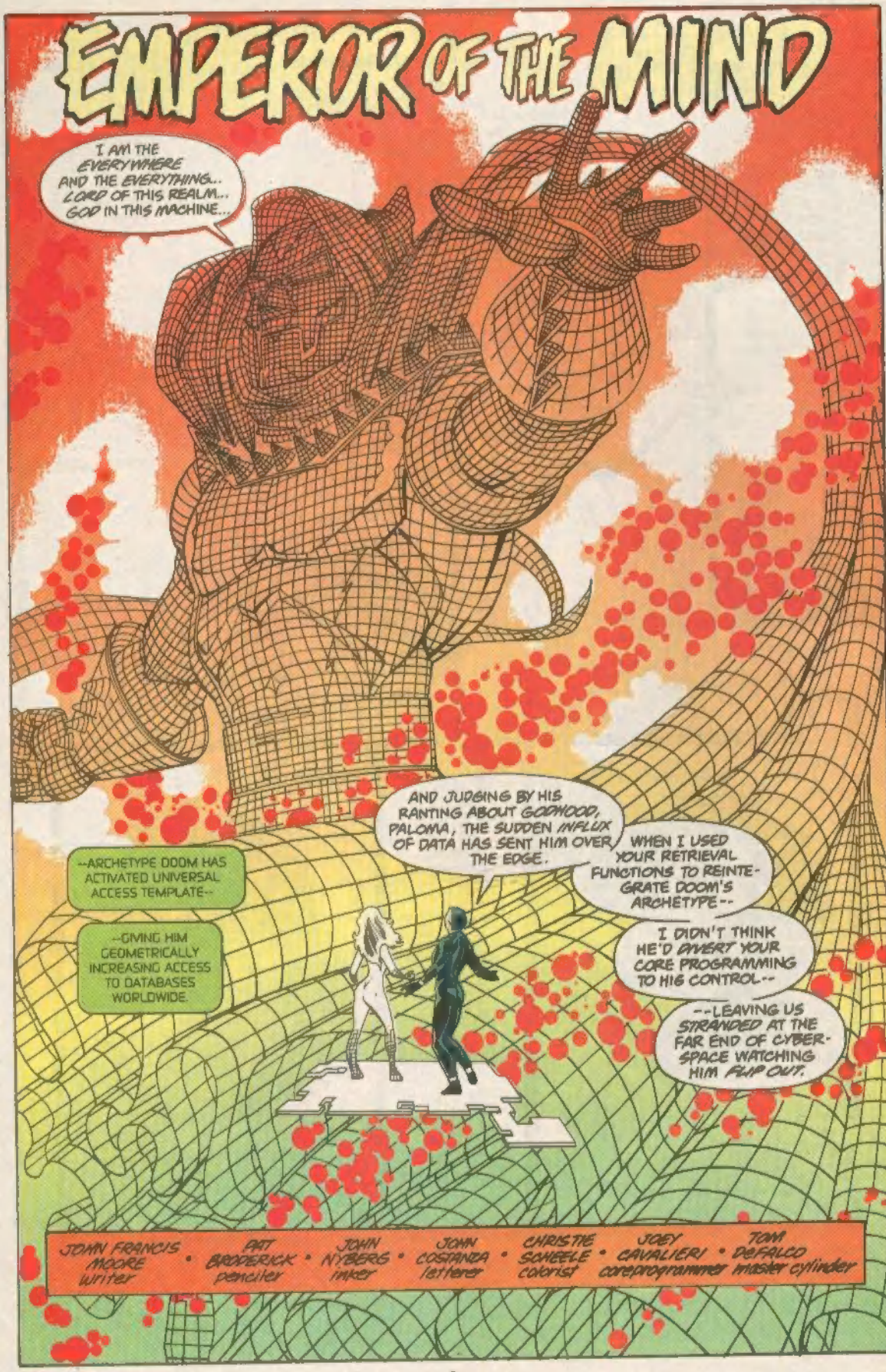

EMPEROR OF THE MIND
I AM THE EVERYWHERE AND THE EVERYTHING... LORD OF THIS REALM... GOD IN THIS MACHINE...
--ARCHETYPE DOOM HAS ACTIVATED UNIVERSAL ACCESS TEMPLATE--
--GIVING HIM GEOMETRICALLY INCREASING ACCESS TO DATABASES WORLDWIDE.
AND JUDGING BY HIS RANTING ABOUT GODHOOD, PALOMA, THE SUDDEN INFLUX OF DATA HAS SENT HIM OVER THE EDGE.
WHEN I USED YOUR RETRIEVAL FUNCTIONS TO REINTEGRATE DOOM'S ARCHETYPE--
I DIDN'T THINK HE'D DIVERT YOUR CORE PROGRAMMING TO HIS CONTROL--
--LEAVING US STRANDED AT THE FAR END OF CYBERSPACE WATCHING HIM FLIP OUT.
JOHN FRANCIS MOORE writer • PAT BRODERICK penciler • JOHN NYBERG inker • JOHN COSTANZA letterer • CHRISTIE SCHEELE colorist • JOEY CAVALIERI coreprogrammer • TOM DeFALCO master cylinder

DOOM, LISTEN TO ME, YOU'VE GOT TO DISENGAGE FROM THE PALOMA PROGRAM--
YOU'RE BURNING YOURSELF OUT! HER SYSTEM'S TOO POWERFUL FOR A USER TO PROCESS!
WIRE, YOU CANNOT COMPREHEND THE EXPANSE THE PALOMA PROGRAM HAS OPENED FOR ME.
I NOW NAVIGATE A SEA OF LIMITLESS POSSIBILITIES.
I RIDE THE CREST OF AN UNENDING WAVE OF ELECTRONIC SIGNAL.
I FATHOM THE UNKNOWABLE DEPTHS OF ENCODED INFORMATION.
AND YOU WISH ME TO LIMIT MYSELF TO ONE INFINITESIMAL SEGMENT OF CYBERSPACE--
--WHEN I CAN DANCE THROUGH THIS ETHER WITH THE SPEED OF THOUGHT?
EVEN AS WE SPEAK I GLIDE THROUGH THE NAVIGATION GRIDS OF BEIJING AIR TRAFFIC CONTROL.
IN NEW YORK, I CRACK THE VAULTED OMNI-COMMUNICATIONS CENTER OF ALCHEMAX'S PUBLIC EYE.
IN BOGOTA, I STUDY THE CLASSIFIED RESEARCH OF BIO-CHEMISTS ATTEMPTING TO RESTORE THE DEPLETED OZONE LAYER.
AND IN THE HEADQUARTERS OF STARK/FUJIKAWA, I LAUGH AT THE SECURITY MAZE GUARDING THEIR EXECUTIVE BOARD.

NOT SINCE I TASTED THE POWER COSMIC HAVE I KNOWN SUCH OMNISCIENCE.
THERE IS SO MUCH TO DISCOVER. SO MUCH TO PROCESS--
DOOM'S FADING.
BY ACCESSING MULTIPLE OP SYSTEMS, ARCHETYPE DOOM CANNOT MAINTAIN PROGRAM INTEGRITY.
SO TO KEEP HIMSELF TOGETHER, HE CAN ONLY BE ONE PLACE AT A TIME? ANY IDEA WHERE HE MIGHT BE?
THIS PROGRAM CONTAINS ANTI-ENCRYPTION CODES TO UNK WORLD SATELLITE NETWORK.
ARCHETYPE DOOM CAN ACCESS LOCATION IN CYBERSPACE GRID.
GREAT, THAT STILL LEAVES US STUCK IN WHAT REMAINS OF CATSCAN'S DEN. CAN'T YOU STOP HIM?
THIS PROGRAM CANNOT OVERRIDE USER'S CONTROL OF CORE COMMANDS.
PALOMA, WHEN I FOUND YOUR PROGRAM ICON AMONG THE REFUSE CATSCAN COLLECTED--
--I THOUGHT YOU WERE OUR TICKET OUT OF THE HOLE FEVER HAD TOSSED US INTO--
--INSTEAD, I'VE MADE THINGS WORSE.
DOOM'S TOO ENRAPTURED WITH HIS CYBERSENTIENCE TO CARE ABOUT OFFLINING--
--AND THE LONGER I'M HERE THE LESS CHANCE I'LL EVER RETURN HOME--
--AND SEE XANDRA AGAIN.

ON THE REAL WORLD SIDE OF THE ELECTRONIC FENCE, IN THE LATVERIAN LABORATORY WHERE DOOM AND WIRE'S BODIES LIE IN CYBERLINK-INDUCED COMAS--
NO SLEEP IN THAT DAY'S. TOO WOUND UP TO MEDITATE.
WIRE AND DOOM'S NEURAL PATTERNS FLATLINED, AND THEN RETURNED BARELY AND ERRATICALLY.
I HOPE THAT MEANS WIRE IS STILL ON LINE SOMEWHERE--NO MATTER HOW THREADBARE THE CONNECTION IS.
DON'T WANT TO THINK THOSE READINGS ARE JUST SOME TECHNICAL GLITCH.

I WISH FORTUNE WERE HERE. POET WENT AFTER HER--BUT HE HASN'T RETURNED EITHER.
GODDESS, PLEASE NEVER MAKE ME FEEL THIS USELESS AGAIN.

EVEN IF SHE WERE NOT FATIGUED BY LACK OF SLEEP AND WORRY--
--XANDRA WOULD NOT HAVE HEARD THE WHISPER OF FOOTSTEPS THAT MOVED THROUGH THE LAB--
--FOR IT IS ONLY SILENCE THAT ANNOUNCES THE MERCENARY CALLED SCRATCH.

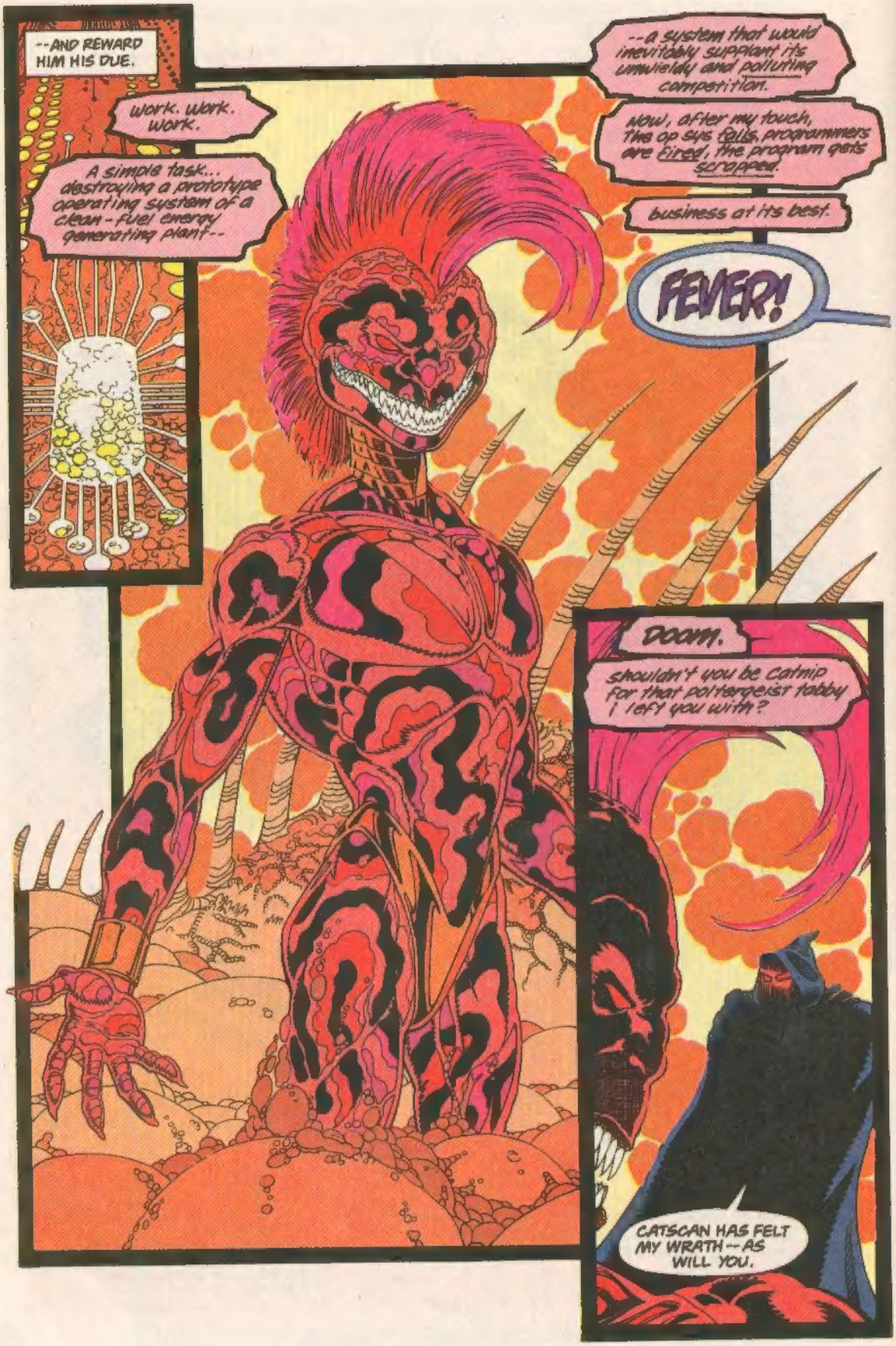
--AND ONCE HER PRESENCE IS KNOWN--
--IT IS TOO LATE.

I HAVE ALREADY TAKEN YOUR WEAPON FROM YOU.
AND I WOULD NOT NEED A CHILD'S TOY SUCH AS THIS TO END YOUR LIFE IF I CHOSE.
SO LISTEN CAREFULLY. YOUR FUTURE DEPENDS ON MY WORDS.

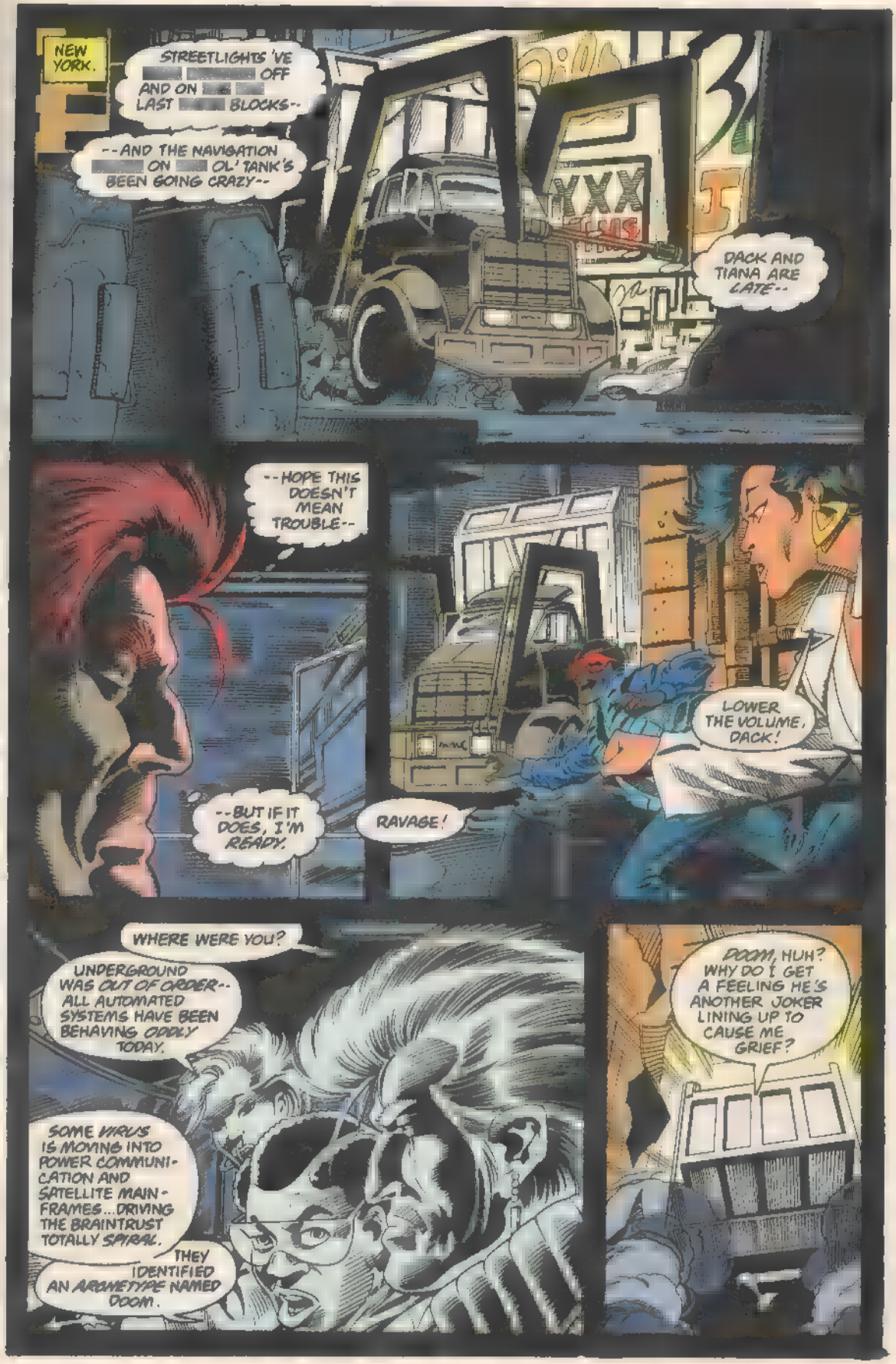
ELSEWHERE.
YOU REFUSE?
A PITY.
WITH DOOM DEAD AT THE HANDS OF MY HIRED ASSASSIN FEVER--
--AND WITH LATVERIA SOON UNDER PIXEL CONTROL--
I WAS CERTAIN YOU'D SEE WHAT A GENEROUS OFFER I'VE PLACED BEFORE YOU.
I DON'T NEED YOUR GENEROSITY.
SUCH RUDENESS. AFTER I REMOVED THE OSMIOTIC SEALANT YOU FOUND SO DISTASTEFUL, YOU SHOULD BE FLATTERED. I ALLOW FEW PEOPLE SUCH INTIMATE PHYSICAL PROXIMITY.
IF YOU WANT GRATITUDE, FORGET IT.
LATVERIA'S NOT UP FOR GRABS, AND NEITHER AM I.
YOU DISAPPOINT ME. I WILL NOT ASK AGAIN.
YOU WILL BE DEALT WITH ONCE PIXEL FORCES OCCUPY LATVERIA.
GIVEN YOUR ADAMANT REFUSAL TO WORK WITH ME--
--I SUPPOSE I WILL HAVE TO MAKE AN EXAMPLE OF YOU FOR THE PEASANTS.

AT THE SAME TIME, OUTSIDE THE CICADA, A SUPPLY SHIP DOCKS AT THE PIXEL ZEPPELIN'S SIDE.
UMBILICAL MOORINGS CONNECT THE LARGER VESSEL WITH THE SMALLER CRAFT...
--TRANSFERRING NOT ONLY FUEL AND SUPPLIES TO THE CICADA'S INTERIOR--
THUNK
--BUT ALSO A STOWAWAY CALLED POET.
THE HEAT TRACE PATTERNS I FOUND IN THE MUSEUM MATCHED A LIGHT REFRACTION SYSTEM USED BY A HEADHUNTER NAMED HAZE.
A CALL TO MY "SERVICE" REVEALED HE RENDEZVOUSED WITH THE PIXEL EXEC ZEP-- --MEANING FORTUNE'S KIDNAPPING GOES ALL THE WAY TO THE TOP OF PIXEL.
AS LONG AS FORTUNE'S OKAY, I CAN GET OUT WITH A MINIMUM OF BLOODSHED.
--BUT IF THEY'VE HURT HER--
I'M GONNA MAKE THESE PEOPLE WISH THEY'D BOOKED PASSAGE ON THE HINDENBURG.
"UNDERSTAND THE MAGNITUDE OF MY REBIRTH AND TRANSFORMATION--"

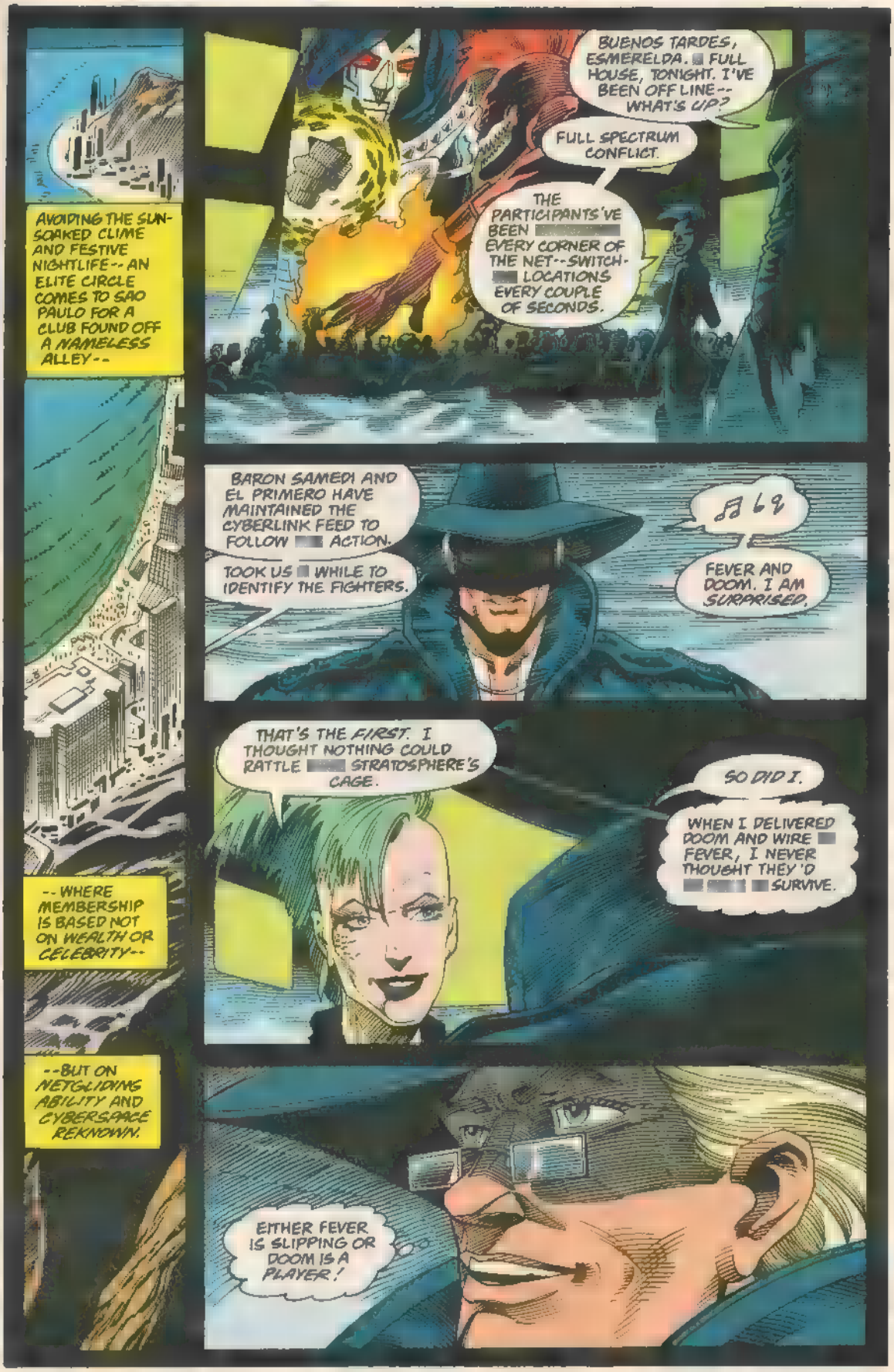
I AM NOW ALL SEEING AND ALL KNOWING--NOTHING REMAINS SECRET FROM ME.
IN ICELAND, THE GENE PATTERNS OF SIX MEN AND SEVEN WOMEN WITH WORLD-SHATTERING POWER ARE HELD IN AN INTRICATELY GUARDED DATABASE.
IN CAIRO, A PLAGUE VIRUS HAS BEEN DEVELOPED BY THE OSIRIS CORPORATION TO BE USED AGAINST ITS COMPETITOR.
ON A FARM OUTSIDE OF EDINBOROUGH, A TEACHER'S MATHEMATICAL OBSESSIONS HAVE PRODUCED AN EQUATION THAT IS POETRY IN ITS ABSTRACTION.
IN ZAOS, A CULT LEADER NAMED BRIMSTONE PROGRAMS HIS FOLLOWERS THROUGH NEURAL HOOKS, PROVIDING CYBER-SIMULATED REVELATION AND EPIPHANY.
AND THIS IS ONLY A FRACTION OF THE KNOWLEDGE AVAILABLE TO ME AT THE SPEED OF THOUGHT.
YOU'VE LOST IT BIG TIME, DOOM.
YOU AND I ARE STILL TRAPPED HERE.
YOU HAVE TO GIVE BACK THE NETWORK CONTROLS TO PALOMA!
BY SIPHONING OFF HER PROGRAM ENERGY, YOU'RE KILLING OUR ONLY WAY HOME.
NO, THE ETHER IS MY KINGDOM. FROM ITS HEART WAS I REBORN AFTER MY DESTRUCTION THROUGH THE MACHINATIONS OF...
...YES, HE HAS ESCAPED MY WRATH FOR TOO LONG.
NOW I MUST FIND THE VIRAL CATALYST OF MY ASCENSION--

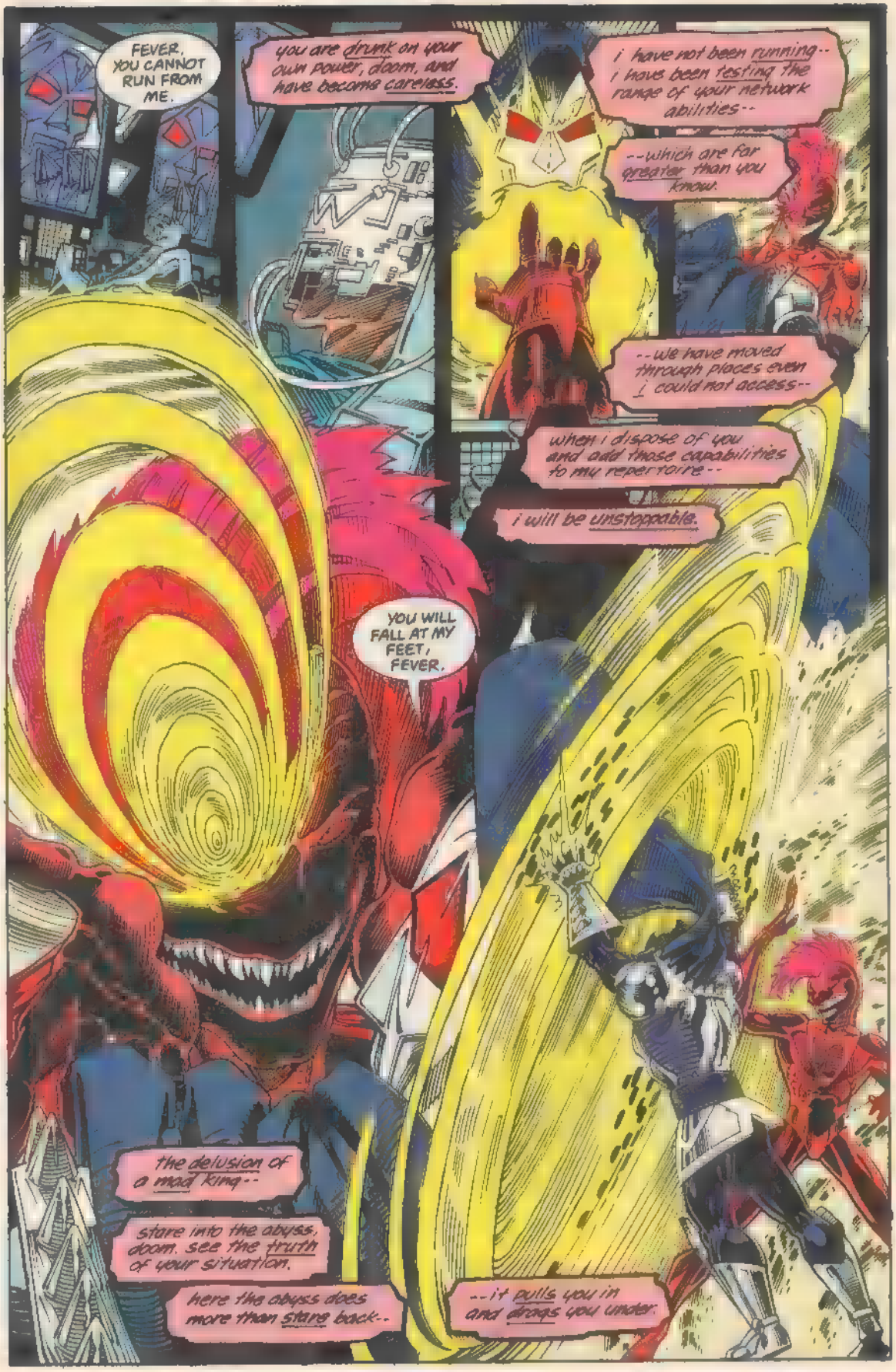

--AND REWARD HIM HIS DUE.
work. work. work.
A simple task... destroying a prototype operating system of a clean-fuel energy generating plant--
--a system that would inevitably supplant its unwieldy and polluting competition.
now, after my touch, the op sys fails, programmers are fired, the program gets scrapped.
business at its best.
FEVER!
Doom.
shouldn't you be catnip for that poltergeist tabby I left you with?
CATSCAN HAS FELT MY WRATH--AS WILL YOU.

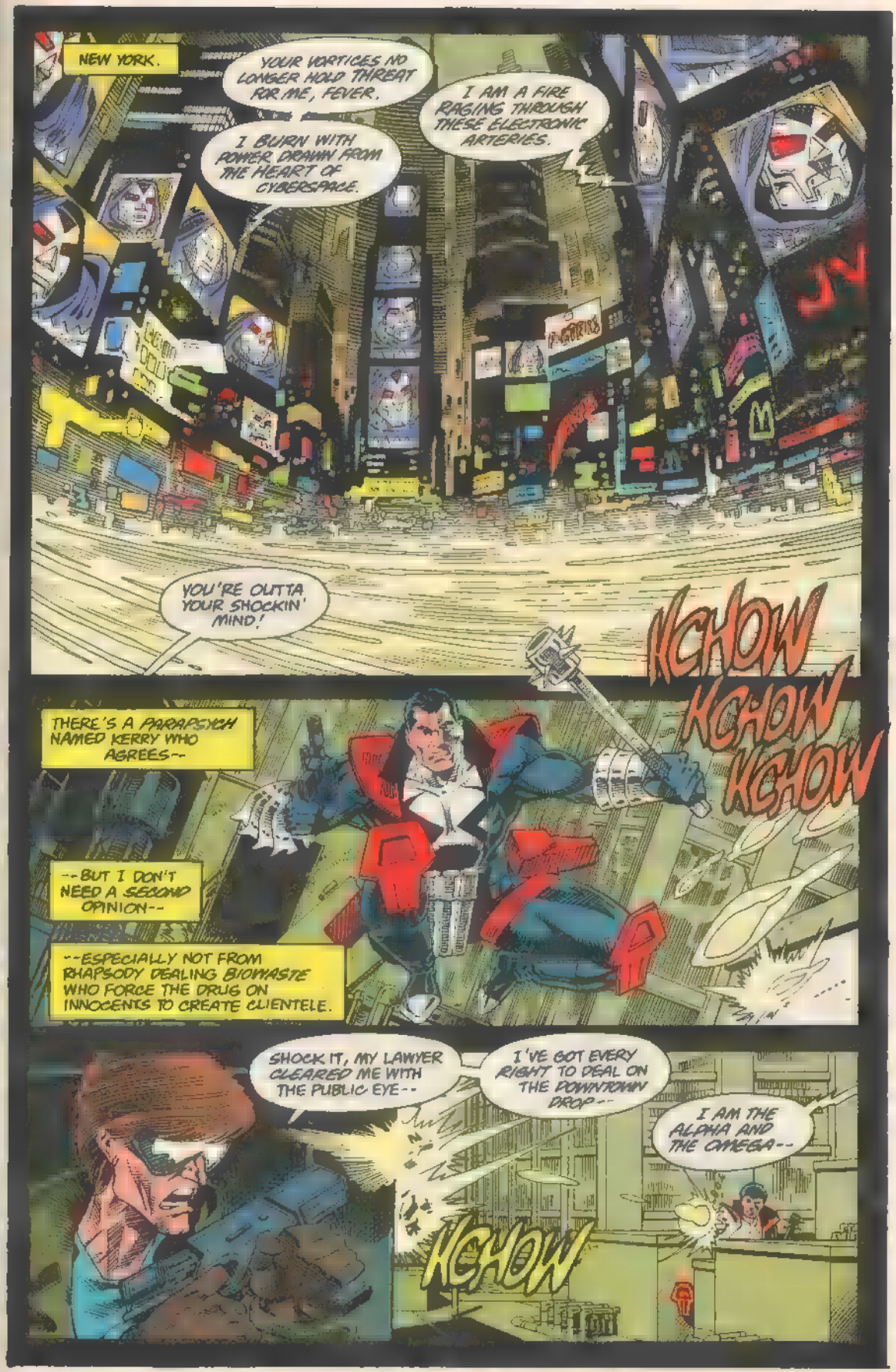
always so formal, doom. who knows? if you loosened up a bit--
--you might make the quest list of more parties.
FEVER, YOU HAVE NOT FACED ME BEFORE--
no, your previous program was quite unimpressive--
but to track me here--i admit--impresses me.
the network program augmenting your archetype will make a fine addition to my arsenal--
--after i finish tearing your heart out.
NO. NOT THIS TIME, FEVER. I HAVE RISEN LIKE THE PHOENIX--
--AND I BURN WITH NEW POWER AND VENGEANCE.
ah, a challenge--
--come on, doom, let's rumble--
--and let all of cyberspace be our battleground--

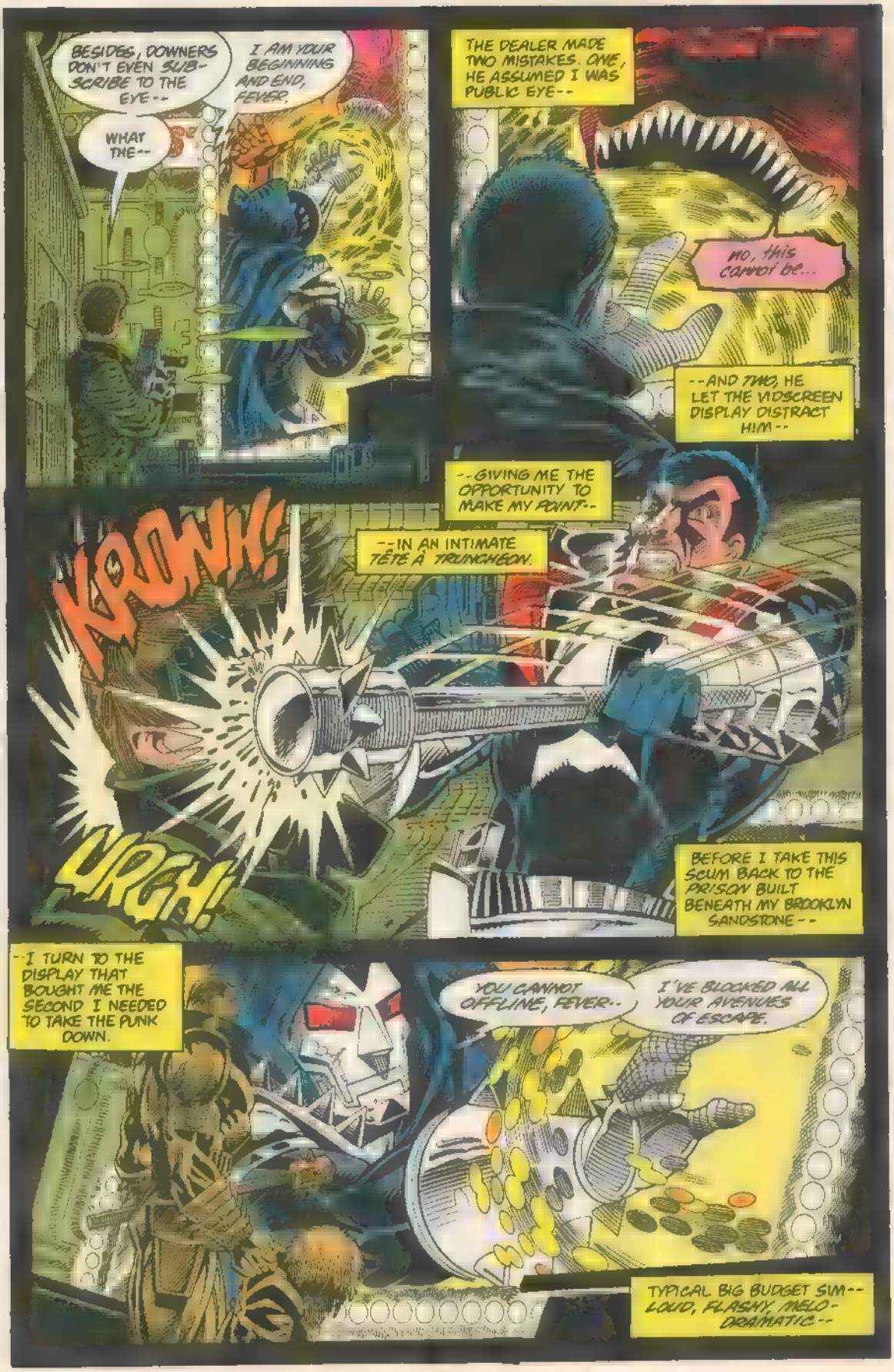

NEW YORK.
STREETLIGHTS 'VE [redacted] OFF AND ON [redacted] LAST [redacted] BLOCKS--
--AND THE NAVIGATION [redacted] ON [redacted] OL' TANK'S BEEN GOING CRAZY--
DACK AND TIANA ARE LATE--
--HOPE THIS DOESN'T MEAN TROUBLE--
--BUT IF IT DOES, I'M READY.
RAVAGE!
LOWER THE VOLUME, DACK!
WHERE WERE YOU?
UNDERGROUND WAS OUT OF ORDER-- ALL AUTOMATED SYSTEMS HAVE BEEN BEHAVING ODDLY TODAY.
SOME VIRUS IS MOVING INTO POWER COMMUNI-CATION AND SATELLITE MAIN-FRAMES...DRIVING THE BRAINTRUST TOTALLY SPIRAL.
THEY IDENTIFIED AN ARCHETYPE NAMED DOOM.
DOOM, HUH? WHY DO I GET A FEELING HE'S ANOTHER JOKER LINING UP TO CAUSE ME GRIEF?

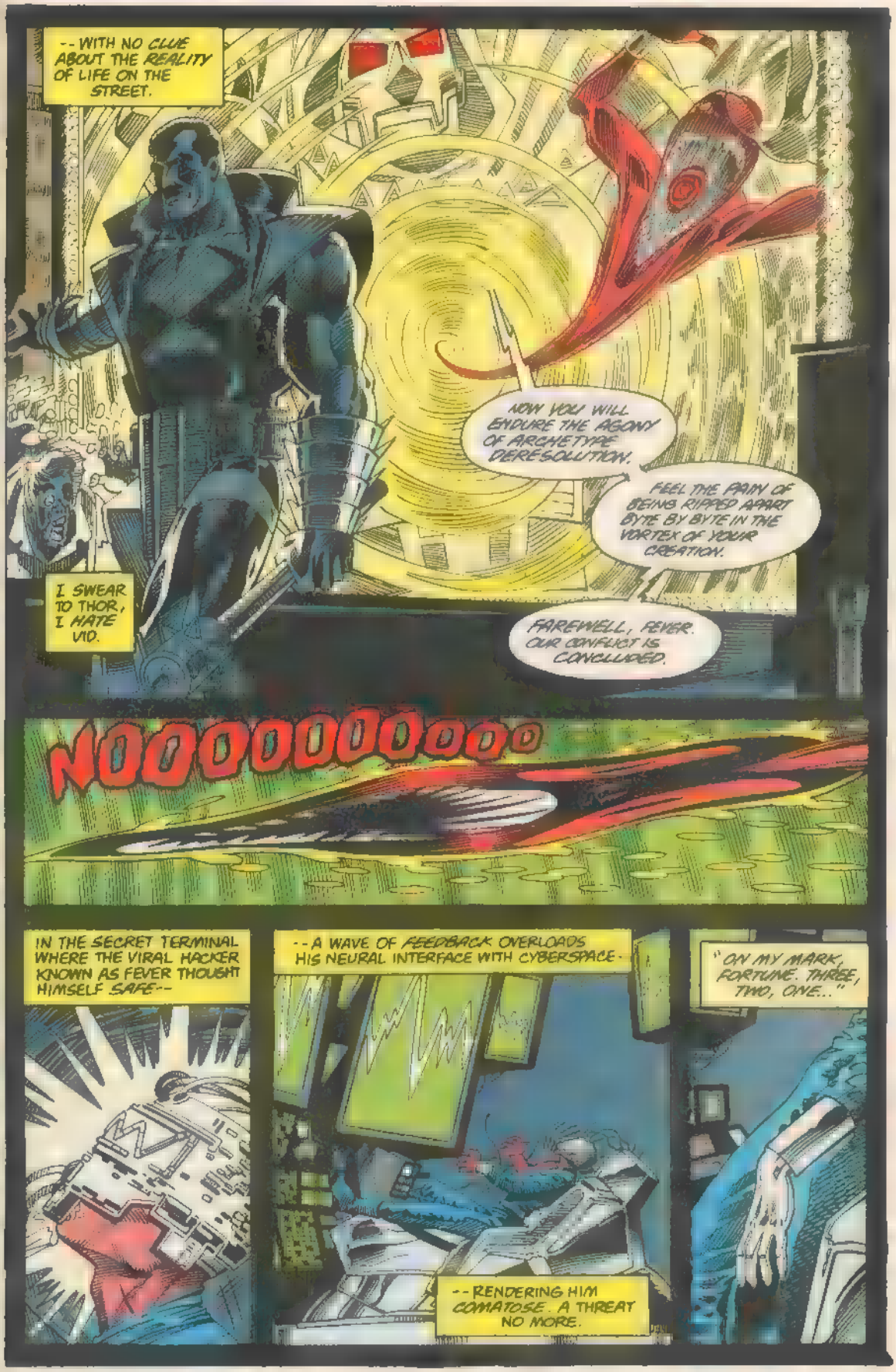
AN OCEAN AWAY.
HOW DO I GET OUT OF THIS?
EVEN IF I GET PAST DEVARGAS--THERE'S HIS ANOROGYNE SERVANTS TO DEAL WITH--
NOT TO MENTION HAZE WHO BROUGHT ME HERE IN THE FIRST PLACE.
ALL I [redacted] WAS TO MAKE LATVERIA SAFE FOR MY PEOPLE--
NOW I'M A CHESS PIECE IN A GAME OF INTERNATIONAL POLITICS--
THE ANSWER'S STILL NO, DEVAR--
YOU NEVER DID WAIT FOR THE QUESTION, DARLING.
IT'S AN ENDEARING TRAIT.
AND MAY I SAY YOU LOOK LOVELY [redacted] THE MYLAR SNUG ENSEMBLE?
WHAT? WHO?
I'M HURT. [redacted] ALL OUR NIGHTS TOGETHER, YOU DON'T EVEN RECOGNIZE ME--
--EVEN WITH THE HOLOGRAPHIC ENHANCEMENT.
LET'S GET OUT OF HERE. THIS JOINT IS TOO STERILE FOR MY TASTE.


AVOIDING THE SUN-SOAKED CLIME AND FESTIVE NIGHTLIFE -- AN ELITE CIRCLE COMES TO SAO PAULO FOR A CLUB FOUND OFF A NAMELESS ALLEY --
BUENOS TARDES, ESMERELDA. FULL HOUSE, TONIGHT. I'VE BEEN OFF LINE -- WHAT'S UP?
FULL SPECTRUM CONFLICT.
THE PARTICIPANTS'VE BEEN EVERY CORNER OF THE NET -- SWITCH- LOCATIONS EVERY COUPLE OF SECONDS.
BARON SAMEDI AND EL PRIMERO HAVE MAINTAINED THE CYBERLINK FEED TO FOLLOW ACTION.
TOOK US WHILE TO IDENTIFY THE FIGHTERS.
FEVER AND DOOM. I AM SURPRISED.
-- WHERE MEMBERSHIP IS BASED NOT ON WEALTH OR CELEBRITY --
THAT'S THE FIRST. I THOUGHT NOTHING COULD RATTLE STRATOSPHERE'S CAGE.
SO DID I.
WHEN I DELIVERED DOOM AND WIRE FEVER, I NEVER THOUGHT THEY 'D SURVIVE.
-- BUT ON NETGLIDING ABILITY AND CYBERSPACE REKNOWN.
EITHER FEVER IS SLIPPING OR DOOM IS A PLAYER!

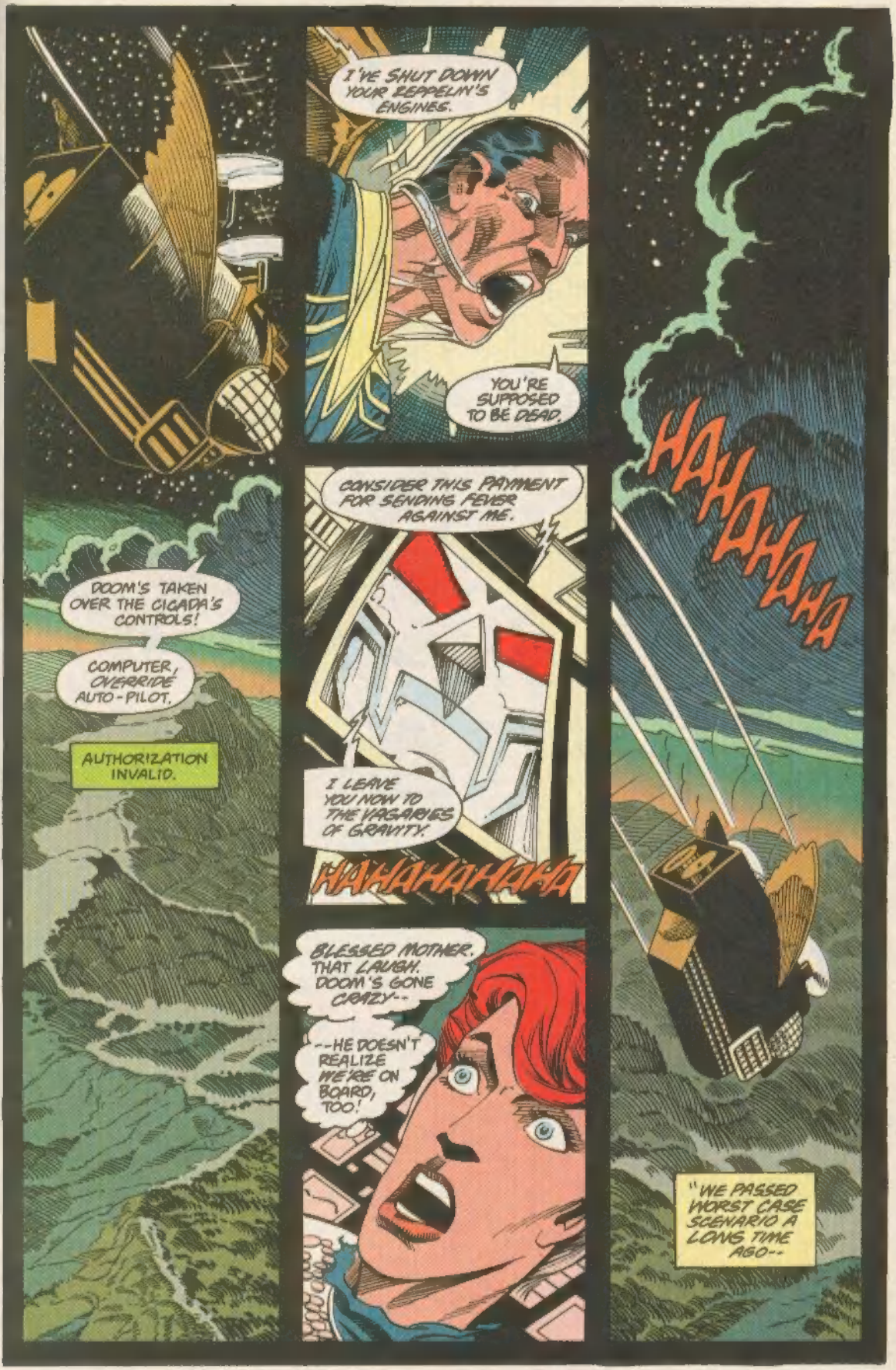

FEVER, YOU CANNOT RUN FROM ME.
you are drunk on your own power, doom, and have become careless.
i have not been running-- i have been testing the range of your network abilities--
--which are far greater than you know.
--we have moved through places even i could not access--
when i dispose of you and add those capabilities to my repertoire--
i will be unstoppable.
YOU WILL FALL AT MY FEET, FEVER.
the delusion of a mad king--
stare into the abyss, doom. see the truth of your situation.
here the abyss does more than stare back--
--it pulls you in and drags you under.

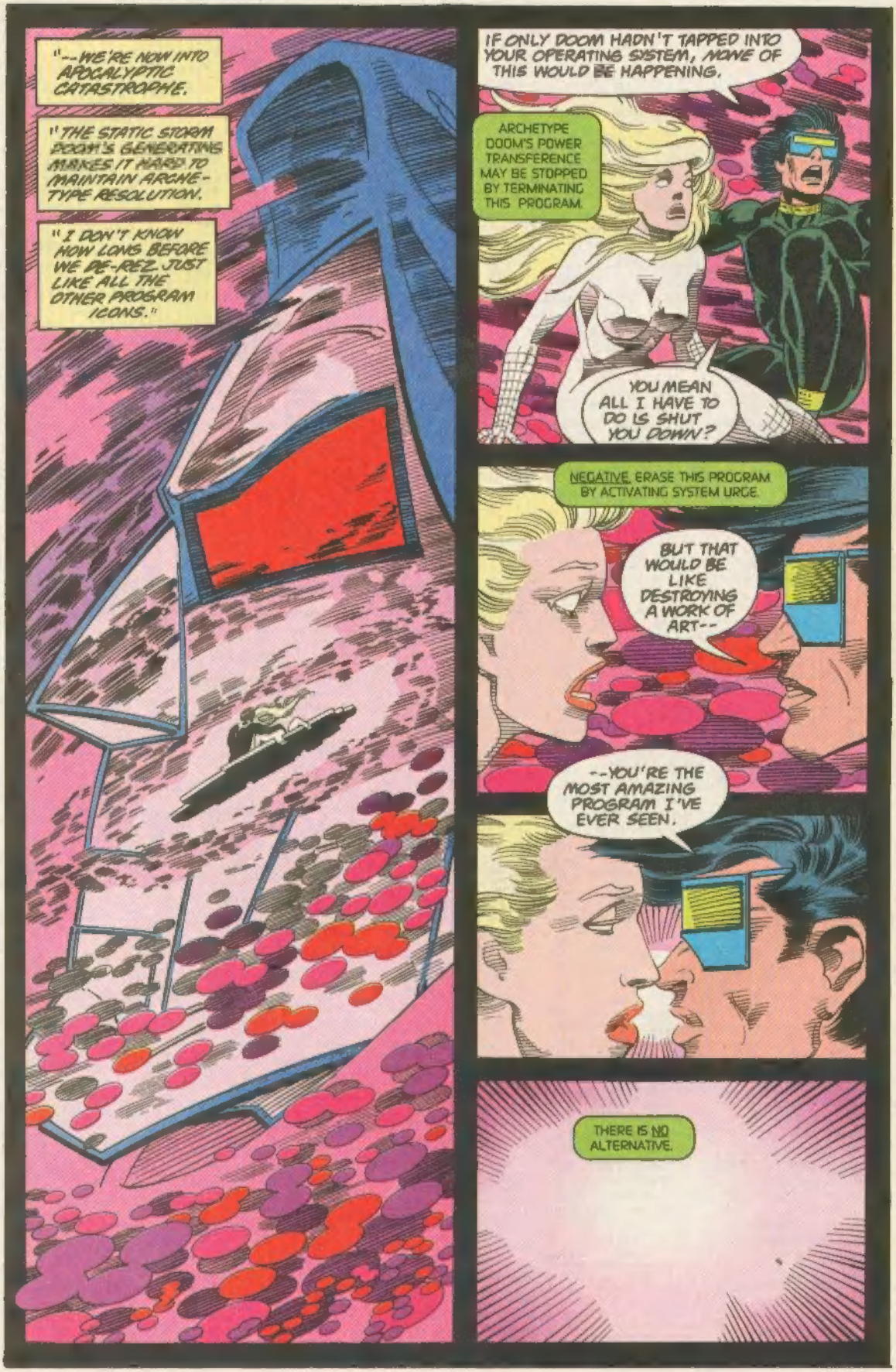

NEW YORK.
YOUR VORTICES NO LONGER HOLD THREAT FOR ME, FEVER.
I BURN WITH POWER DRAWN FROM THE HEART OF CYBERSPACE.
I AM A FIRE RAGING THROUGH THESE ELECTRONIC ARTERIES.
YOU'RE OUTTA YOUR SHOCKIN' MIND!
KCHOW
KCHOW KCHOW
THERE'S A PARAPSYCH NAMED KERRY WHO AGREES--
--BUT I DON'T NEED A SECOND OPINION--
--ESPECIALLY NOT FROM RHAPSODY DEALING BIOWASTE WHO FORCE THE DRUG ON INNOCENTS TO CREATE CLIENTELE.
SHOCK IT, MY LAWYER CLEARED ME WITH THE PUBLIC EYE--
I'VE GOT EVERY RIGHT TO DEAL ON THE DOWNTOWN DROP--
I AM THE ALPHA AND THE OMEGA--
KCHOW


BESIDES, DOWNERS DON'T EVEN SUBSCRIBE TO THE EYE--
I AM YOUR BEGINNING AND END, FEVER.
WHAT THE--
THE DEALER MADE TWO MISTAKES. ONE, HE ASSUMED I WAS PUBLIC EYE--
NO, THIS CANNOT BE...
--AND TWO, HE LET THE VIDSCREEN DISPLAY DISTRACT HIM--
--GIVING ME THE OPPORTUNITY TO MAKE MY POINT--
--IN AN INTIMATE TÊTE À TRUNCHEON.
KRONK!
URGH!
BEFORE I TAKE THIS SCUM BACK TO THE PRISON BUILT BENEATH MY BROOKLYN SANDSTONE--
--I TURN TO THE DISPLAY THAT BOUGHT ME THE SECOND I NEEDED TO TAKE THE PUNK DOWN.
YOU CANNOT OFFLINE, FEVER--
I'VE BLOCKED ALL YOUR AVENUES OF ESCAPE.
TYPICAL BIG BUDGET SIM--LOUD, FLASHY, MELODRAMATIC--

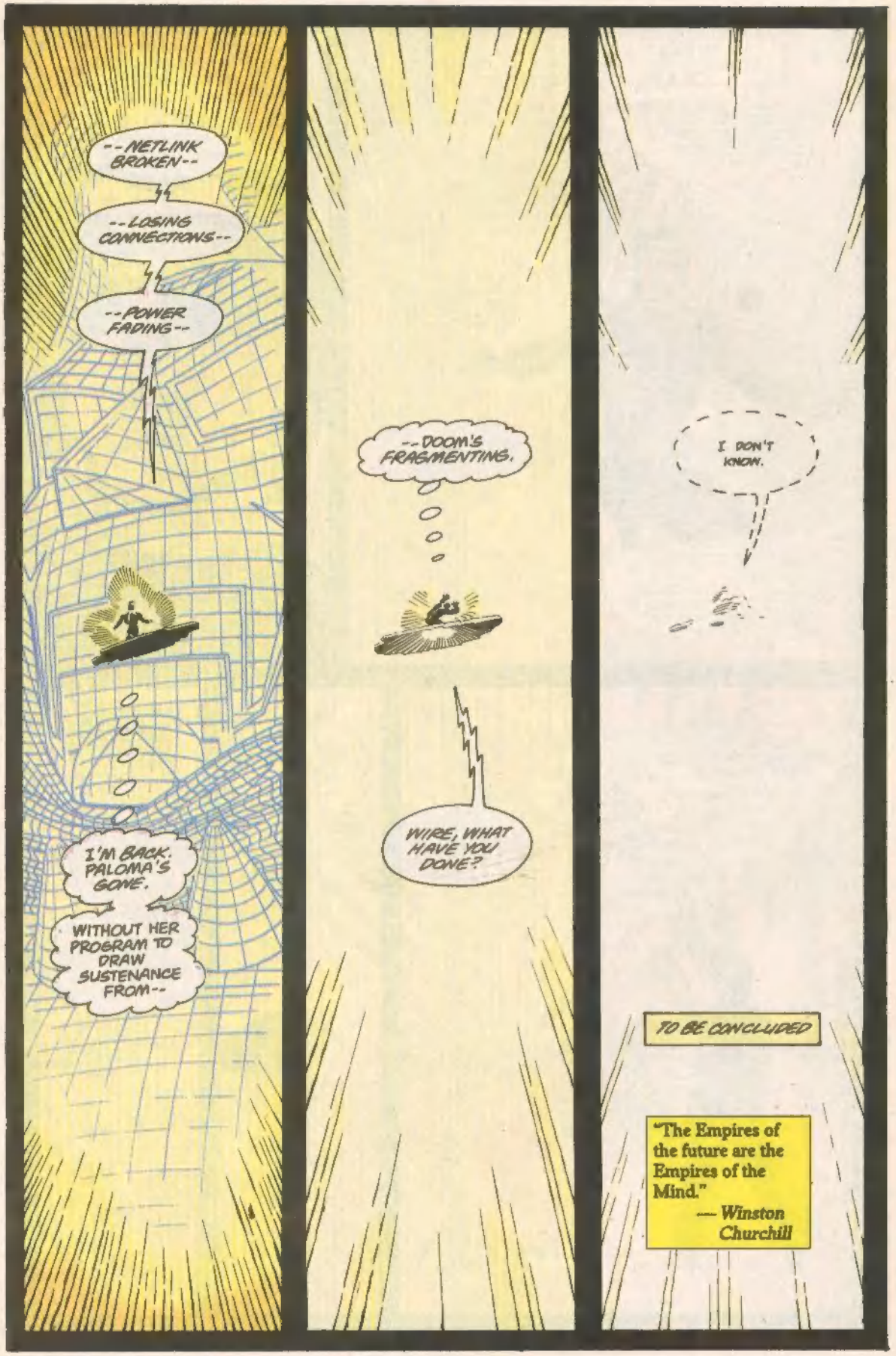

--WITH NO CLUE ABOUT THE REALITY OF LIFE ON THE STREET.
NOW YOU WILL ENDURE THE AGONY OF ARCHETYPE DERESOLUTION.
FEEL THE PAIN OF BEING RIPPED APART BYTE BY BYTE IN THE VORTEX OF YOUR CREATION.
I SWEAR TO THOR, I HATE VID.
FAREWELL, FEVER. OUR CONFLICT IS CONCLUDED.
NOOOOOOOOOO
IN THE SECRET TERMINAL WHERE THE VIRAL HACKER KNOWN AS FEVER THOUGHT HIMSELF SAFE--
--A WAVE OF FEEDBACK OVERLOADS HIS NEURAL INTERFACE WITH CYBERSPACE.
--RENDERING HIM COMATOSE. A THREAT NO MORE.
"ON MY MARK, FORTUNE. THREE, TWO, ONE.."

...GO!
HOW DARE YOU ENTER MY BRIDGE WITHOUT STERILIZED PROTECTIVE SUITS?
GET USED TO IT, DEVARGAS. WE CONTROL THE CICADA NOW.
[redacted], HALT THE LATVERIAN INVASION--
--OR I'LL PEEL YOU OUT OF YOUR CONTAINMENT SUIT AND HANG YOU OUT THE WINDOW.
NO, FRAULINO-- I THINK NOT.
HAZE!
AND POET. OUR PATHS CROSSED IN [redacted] TWO [redacted] AGO. YOU WOULDN'T REMEMBER.
PEOPLE NEVER SEE ME UNLESS I LET THEM.
SCREEEEEE
DEVARGAS.
UNFF..
THE NAVIGATION SYSTEM--


I'VE SHUT DOWN YOUR ZEPPELIN'S ENGINES.
YOU'RE SUPPOSED TO BE DEAD.
DOOM'S TAKEN OVER THE CICADA'S CONTROLS!
COMPUTER, OVERRIDE AUTO-PILOT.
AUTHORIZATION INVALID.
CONSIDER THIS PAYMENT FOR SENDING FEVER AGAINST ME.
I LEAVE YOU NOW TO THE VAGARIES OF GRAVITY.
HAHAHAHAHA
BLESSED MOTHER. THAT LAUGH. DOOM'S GONE CRAZY--
--HE DOESN'T REALIZE WE'RE ON BOARD, TOO!
HAHAHAHA
"WE PASSED WORST CASE SCENARIO A LONG TIME AGO--


"--WE'RE NOW INTO APOCALYPTIC CATASTROPHE.
"THE STATIC STORM DOOM'S GENERATING MAKES IT HARD TO MAINTAIN ARCHE-TYPE RESOLUTION.
"I DON'T KNOW HOW LONG BEFORE WE RE-REZ JUST LIKE ALL THE OTHER PROGRAM ICONS."
IF ONLY DOOM HADN'T TAPPED INTO YOUR OPERATING SYSTEM, NONE OF THIS WOULD BE HAPPENING.
ARCHETYPE DOOM'S POWER TRANSFERENCE MAY BE STOPPED BY TERMINATING THIS PROGRAM.
YOU MEAN ALL I HAVE TO DO IS SHUT YOU DOWN?
NEGATIVE. ERASE THIS PROGRAM BY ACTIVATING SYSTEM URGE.
BUT THAT WOULD BE LIKE DESTROYING A WORK OF ART--
--YOU'RE THE MOST AMAZING PROGRAM I'VE EVER SEEN.
THERE IS NO ALTERNATIVE.

LAST TIME I WAS INSIDE PALOMA'S PROGRAM CORE, I WAS TRYING TO FIX IT.
NOW I HAVE TO ERASE IT COMPLETELY--
--HOPING THAT'LL BREAK THE LINK THAT GIVES DOOM TOTAL NET ACCESS--
--DRIVING HIM OUT OF HIS MIND.
OF COURSE, ONCE I DECONSTRUCT PALOMA'S PROGRAM CORE--
--DOOM AND I MAY STILL BE LOST IN THE CYBERSPACE WASTELANDS!
WE STILL RISK GETTING SCRAMBLED IN THE PROCESS.
OKAY, I KNOW THE DANGER--
--BUT PALOMA'S RIGHT--
--I HAVE NO OTHER CHOICE.
TERMINATION SEQUENCE ENGAGED.


--NETLINK BROKEN--
--LOSING CONNECTIONS--
--POWER FADING--
I'M BACK. PALOMA'S GONE.
WITHOUT HER PROGRAM TO DRAW SUSTENANCE FROM--
--DOOM'S FRAGMENTING.
WIRE, WHAT HAVE YOU DONE?
I DON'T KNOW.
TO BE CONCLUDED
"The Empires of the future are the Empires of the Mind."
— Winston Churchill